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JACK and the BEAN-STALK



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Dedicated to
ANDREW JOHN KAUFFMAN, 2D
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MARY BARBARA KAUFFMAN



Frontispiece

Jack and the Bean-stalk

A BALLAD-ARRANGEMENT FOR YOUNG
CHILDREN

BY

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN ✓

With Illustrations from Original
Drawings

BY

WILLIAM A. ROACH ✓

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

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A Note for Parents

As is the case with most of the stories in the present series, this one is to be found among nearly all the races of Aryan descent. Unlike its fellows, however, the legend of the bean-stalk flourishes also in the lore of both the African Zulus and the North American Indians. Its earliest appearance in European literature is lost in the mists of time.

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no. 2

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

ONE time, a widow old and poor
Lived near a forest wild;
She had a little boy named Jack,
Who was her only child.

“**G**IVE me a penny, mother,
please!”

From morn to night he'd call;
His mother gave her pennies up
Until Jack had them all.



AT last she said: “There’s nothing
left

To buy our food with now
Except the cow.”—“Sell that!” said
Jack.—

Said she: “Go, sell the cow.”



HE started out and met a queer
Old fellow hawking greens,
Who had a big tray full of red
And pink and purple beans.



JACK thought they were so beautiful,

He said, “I’ll tell you, now:
I haven’t any pennies, but
I’ll trade you, for my cow.”

“Done!” said the man.—Jack took
the beans;

But when his mother found
What he had done, she grabbed the
beans

And threw them on the ground.



BESIDE the kitchen-window there
She threw them. "Silly lad,"
She said, "for just some colored beans
You've traded all we had!"

"I gave you pennies every day—
And this is my reward!"

I gave you all you asked, and more
Than I could well afford.

"I said that you might *sell* the cow—
And what did *you* do? Trade!
The day will come when you will
wish
You'd listened and obeyed!"



JACK cried himself to sleep, but
 woke

 Before the sun was high,
And found the beans had sprouted up
 And grown into the sky.

Right up into the clouds there'd
 grown,

 In just that little time,
A bean-stalk like a giant tree.

“That stalk,” said Jack, “I’ll
 climb!”



2—*Jack and the Bean-stalk*

ALL morning long he climbed; at
noon

He reached a desert land
Where stood a castle: nothing else
But bones and rocks and sand.



JACK rang the bell. A woman came.

“Hide, boy, to save your life!”
She cried. “A giant grim lives here—
In me you see his wife!

“Jump—jump into this oven, lad!
Now, do as I require!”
Jack did, and wasn’t burnt a bit—
There wasn’t any fire.



“FE-FI! Fo-fum!” the Giant roared:

“I smell some blood.”—“Why, Jake,”

His wife replied, “since no one’s here,

There must be some mistake.”



“THEN bring my magic hen,”
said he:

She brought a chicken old.

“Lay!” said the Giant—and the hen
Laid eggs of solid gold!

Great golden eggs it laid upon

The table ev’ry time:

“I think,” thought Jack, “I’d rather
have

That hen than own a mine.”



THE woman left the room; in
sleep

The Giant stretched his legs
And gave the hen a little rest
From laying golden eggs.



JACK took the hen—climbed down
the stalk.

“Don’t mourn for our old cow,”
He told his mother: “You shall have
Your wants all cared for now.”

You’d think things now so nicely
fixed,
He’d never rove again—
What could a fellow want beside
So wonderful a hen?



ALAS, Jack wanted more and more,

The more that hen would lay!
His mother bade him stop at home,
But Jack would not obey.

You would have been content at home;

Not so this wayward Jack:
He carefully disguised himself,
And soon went climbing back.

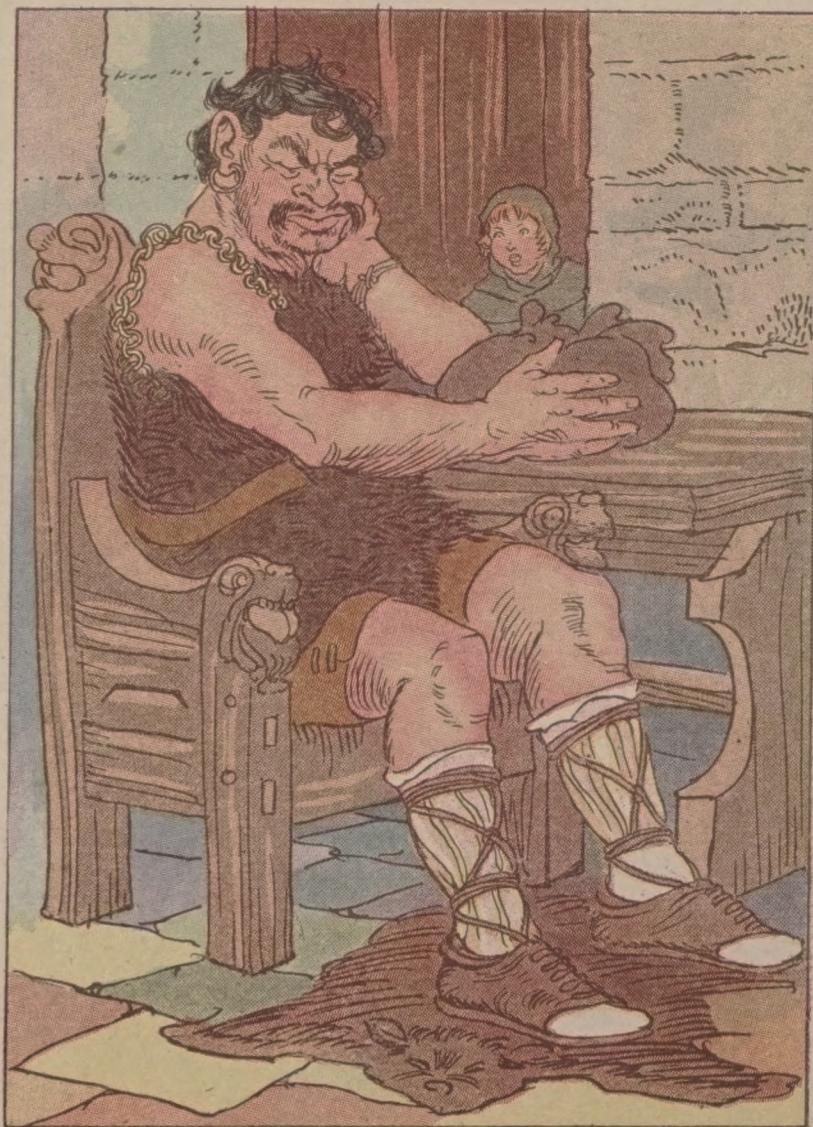


THEN Mrs. Giant hid the lad
(Not knowing it was he)
Inside the kitchen-cupboard, while
Her husband had his tea.



3—*Jack and the Bean-stalk*

TWO money-bags the Giant
brought
And counted o'er and o'er
His gold; tied up the sacks again
And soon began to snore.



THE wife went out; Jack grabbed
the bags;

With many a gasp and frown,
He reached the bean-stalk's top and
turned
His burden upside-down.

The gold fell down as if 'twere rain
From out each upturned sack:
Jack's mother welcomed it, of
course—

But *how* she welcomed Jack!



“WE have more gold than we can
spend!”

Said she. “Now, Jack, don’t
roam

Away again; you’re safer far
Beside me, here at home.”



YOU'D think so, too; and Jack
thought so

For a full year, but then
A longing came upon the lad
To climb the stalk again.



ONE morn his mother overslept;
Jack donned a new disguise
And started up—was out of sight
Ere she unclosed her eyes!



NOT knowing him, the Giant's
wife

Her long, sad story told:
How terrible her husband was—
And how he'd lost his gold.



AND then the Giant's step was
heard;

It echoed far and wide;
She pointed to a wash-tub, and
The boy crept right inside.

It was so deep, Jack thought he'd
drown;

He had a dreadful scare—
But luckily his life was saved:
There was no water there.



“FE-FI! Fo-fum!” the Giant
roared,

“I smell a boy!”—and soon,
In spite of all his wife could do,
Began to search the room.

He looked around and 'round and
'round,
'Most ev'rywhere, except
Inside the tub where lucky Jack
Had just so nimbly crept.



4—*Jack and the Bean-stalk*

NIIGHT fell. The woman went to bed.

“My harp!” the Giant cried:
A harp came running by itself
And knelt there at his side.



“PLAY!” said the Giant, and the
harp

Played music soft and deep;
It played itself—and soon it played
The Giant fast asleep.



THE magic tunes turned Jack's
young head.

He said: "I'd never roam;
I'd stay with mother, if I could
Have such a harp at home."

He seized it—reached the door—but,
oh,

The harp cried: "Master! Mas-
ter!"

The Giant woke; Jack ran his best—
Could giants run still faster?



“YOU are the thief,” the Giant
shrieked,

“Who took my gold and hen!”

Oh, how Jack wished that he'd
obeyed

His poor old mother then!





BOOTH reached the stalk, both
started down;
But Jack was first. He cried:
“Mother, an axe!” He chopped the
stalk—
The Giant fell and died.



A CLOSE escape—a lesson learned!
“Mother, I tell you now,
Hereafter I’ll obey you, dear,”
Said Jack. He kept that vow.



THIS story shows you plainly that,
When you've your pennies
spent,
You should not nag for more and
more,
But try to be content;
Don't fret if things go wrong at
home;
Don't *ever* run away;
And when you're told to do a thing
It's safest to obey!



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